

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Buckingham Palace"

[*Canibus*]

Aiyyo I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace  
Selling reefer, puffin the chalice with the Beefeaters  
Gettin so high that whenever I drop shit  
it'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit  
Canibus with the hot shit, "Crazy I. Click"  
Niggaz is bloody idiots thinkin that they can stop this  
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent  
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth sixpence  
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste  
then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in the face  
From Brixton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade Europe  
like Joseph Stalin, and murder niggaz for rhymin  
Spittin fire, with gasoline for saliva  
As drunk as Lady Diana's driver wit reporters behind her  
Alcohol in the hands of a minor  
I got you panickin like bombs, with 30 second timers  
Clear the buildin, evacuate women and children  
Fuck what you feelin nigga, I came here to kill em  
Straight shittin, from New York to Great Britain  
And when we do shows we make the Queen pay admission, what!

[*Chorus: Canibus and crowd*]

When I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"  
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)  
Yo, when I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"  
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)

[*Canibus*]

Yo.. yo..  
Yo prepare for the worst  
This next verse is the face of death  
Me without lyrics is like a porn flick without sex  
Illmatic, my lyrical skills are Jurassic  
With more flavor then Skittles when I'm digitally mastered  
I go off like a cannon and blow up the planet  
with "No Fear," like them clothes white boys be wearin  
I'm tougher than denim, lethal like venomous snake bites  
The marijuana makes my eyes bright red like brake lights  
There ain't a party I couldn't rock, believe that  
There ain't a microphone brave enough to give me feedback  
I'm strong, my word is Bond like James  
Niggaz be tryin to test, but they 'week' like seven days  
MC's run away when I kick it; they act so chicken  
they should come with a large drink and a biscuit  
My style's radioactive, massive atomic  
I plan to push the Earth in front of Halley's Comet

Breakin the (Facts of Life) down like Tudy, I'm raw like sushi  
with more (Vocab), than three fuckin Fugees  
So recognize or be hospitalized  
cause lyrically on a scale of one to ten I'm twenty-five

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo, a little bit of weed and some Henessey  
got me ready to set it with kinetic energy  
See I need much more energy then my enemies  
If I wanna make more Bill's then Bellamy  
So I could be on MTV  
with women constantly tellin me I resemble Billy Dee  
I make fly rhymes to get my name on the scene  
Then when I'm on the scene I do shows to get the green  
Then I take the green, buy a automobile machine  
for that thing on page 43, in Jet Magazine  
Canibus is the ultimate executioner's dream  
Swingin the guillotine, cause whenever the head is severed  
from the human body with a sharp enough weapon  
the brain remains conscious for ten seconds  
Long enough for me to give you one last message  
And when you get to Hell you can tell Lucifer I said it  
Don't ever get it confused, fuckin with Canibus  
the human Rubix Cube like you got somethin to prove  
Yo, whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed  
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew  
From Moet bottles to bar stools, fruits and foods  
You got a album out, you get hit with your CD too  
Runnin outside, cryin, lyin, denyin  
that you ain't The Gay Rapper, but you got fucked by him  
What's the difference? Y'all niggaz still ain't in lyrical fitness  
Too busy mixin your bid'nness with your bitches  
While I be in the lab composin forbidden scriptures  
So wicked I got, Satan ejaculatin on his fingers  
Like Dirk Diggler, in the middle of +Boogie Nights+  
Sniffin white, livin the hype, he ruined his life  
But I'm a MC of a different type, yeah that's right  
Make sure your shit is tight, or I'ma snatch yo' mic, nigga!

*[Chorus]*